A stalker's story

https://st3veyogi.wordpress.com/2024/04/20/stalkerstory/

It was many tears ago,
but I can still remember... with pain.

Every morning,
I saw her walking down the street...
moving so gracefully, like floating.

So brunette, so beautiful.
White teeth, black eyes, and cherry lips.
Wow! What a cutie!
Always with a smile on her face!

I couldn't stop thinking about her.
Day after day, I was there.
Same time, same place.
Just watching her go by.

And you know what?

She had no idea about me.

Frustrating, isn't it?

One day, I decided to take action.

Why not? Difficult, but not impossible.

"Top of the morning", I greeted her.

"Excuse me, sir... I'm in a hurry", she said.

It was our first and last time together.

Me and my broken heart,

we felt so low, so lonely.

How sad! How dramatic!